

Heather Dale, Exile

You're begging on your knees without dirtying your hem
You want someone to love, but not someone I can
The wilderness calls me again
A trusted friend in my exile
I'm free in my exile, I'm free

The stringless thorns replace the fishhooks in my flesh
You try to draw me in but still deny the net
You're clinging to what I have left
While I forget in my exile
I'm free in my exile, I'm free to forget

I brand these rags and tatters on my feet
Here are tests I know that I can beat

You say that I am weak and kiss the tears away
You offer what I need for more than I can pay
My choice is who I should betray
Or to stay in my exile
I'm free in my exile, I'm free to stay
I'm free in my exile
I'm free in my exile, I'm free
I'm free again